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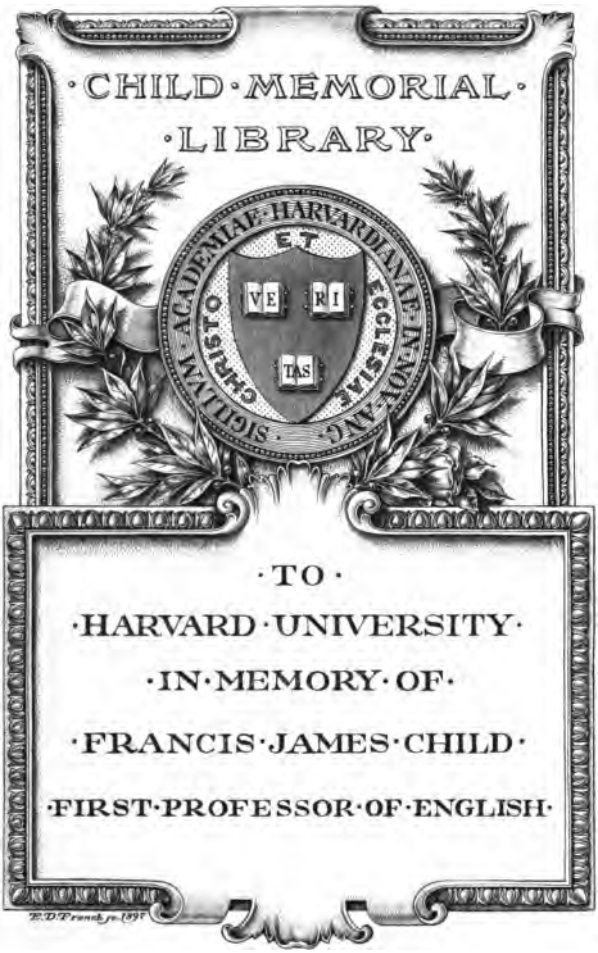

DEPOSITED IN
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THE

LUMBER TROOPER,

A Chivalric Poem;

WRITTEN AFTER THE MOST APPROVED MODELS,

BY

EDWARD BREWSTER, Esq.

OF THAT BODY.

LONDON:

COMRADE LEE, 36, RED LION SQUARE,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCXXXII.

PREFACE.

It has been noted as the peculiar characteristic of our time, that old institutions are continually giving way to new opinions, and that things of antiquity have "fallen on evil days." Such has not been the case with the Lumber Troop: — to make use of a *new* simile, their course has been like that of an underground stream till now, when Sir John Key has discovered all their merit, and brought them before the wondering world in such a way that nobody can tell the importance or the consequence thereof.

The author hastens to join them like a good knight and a true, and to immortalize them in a strain which *he* thinks worthy of a Blondel.

CANTO I.

The Hostelrie.

O'er London's high column and higher dome,
The fog and the night have met,
The merchant 'lowing herds' are gone,
And the Watch of the city is set;
And the gas-light gay and the lamp-light glum,
Younger and elder daughters of Light,
Are flinging their gleams along the way,
Stars—for the sons of London and Night.
The shop is shut and the supper is done,
And the till is emptied too:
And the Lumber Trooper starteth up
For his deed of *derring-do*.
And rises too his lady bright,
To beg of him to stay;
But, lady, no! that may not be,
To-morrow is Thomas's-day.
He may not stay, he may not rest
'Till the election's o'er,
'He could not love thee, Dame, so well
Lov'd he not honour more.'
That sorrowful lady repineth not
But bringeth to him a scarf,
And twineth round and around his throat,
For she loveth her better half;

His umbrella she giveth him,
  And great coat, if he hath one:
She putteth his hat upon his head,
  The Lumber Trooper's gone.

December twenty-one is Thomas's-day,
  A day that ever rains,
A city Dey it is of all jeers,
  But dark and dismal panes.
In the morning ever there is a fog,
  And a fog in the afternoon,
And a thicker fog comes on at night;
  And, as one in a balloon
That passeth through a wat'ry cloud
  Is saturated with sleet,
So, on Thomas's-day, is every one
  That goeth about the street.
But the Lumber Trooper feareth not,
  Right on his way he goes,
All jocund gladness to his friends,
  All terror to his foes.

With banner large and cannon small
Bedizen'd is the Troopers' Hall;
And portraits too of Troopers bold,
Distinguished wights in days of old;
Of whom the frequent tale is told,
Glint through the smoke, and thoughts inspire
Of deeds of valour, words of fire.
On the high dais of the hall
Behold the Colonel of them all!

By champion bold encompassed round—
Men of the truest temper found.
Below, upon the nether floor,
E'en from the dais to the door,
Shall you behold the Trooper band
Each with his glowing pipe in hand—
And the shout is up and the revel begun,
And the cry is "Politics and fun!"

A goodly and a pleasant sight
It is, and fair to see—
And through this Hall is the readiest way
Unto civic dignity.

The Making.

With saddened brow and solemn face
Who is it cometh here?
A city novice to join the Troop
Before you doth appear.
"Now welcome! welcome!" the Colonel cries,
"Right welcome here to me,
And when the forms are all complete
A Trooper shalt thou be!"
And they try him with the dreadful draught,
And he drinketh it down straightway;
And they shew to him the fearful sword
But he runneth not away;
And they read to him the awful oath,
And he taketh it aright;

And they gird him with the Trooper's belt
  Alike a belted knight.
And again "Welcome!" the Colonel cries,
  "Right welcome here to me;
The forms are over—the oath is told
  Thou a Trooper shalt ever be!"

  Among them now he sitteth,
    A Trooper gay and bold,
  And health to health he pitteth
    Till the joyous night grows old:
And the candles dance, and grow double and dim
But he drinketh——what matters else to him?

  But these wild delights of drinking
    Must, alas! at length be o'er
His heavy head, behold! is sinking—
    He tumbles on the floor.
And the gay old Troopers stretch him in bed,
Save for thirst and fever, and madness—dead.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

The Conflict.

The morning dawns, and through the fog
The carts and drays and waggons jog;
The Watch at length are wide aawke,
And pains to clear the city take
Of all the foulness night can bring
Of drunkenness or viler sin.
Scarce any rest the Trooper takes
This livelong night, and early wakes:
His duty calls, he must obey—
This is the patriót's opening day!

From Langbourn and from Bridge Without,
From Bread-street and Cornhill;
From Bassishaw and Dowgate Ward—
From whatever Ward you will—
"They come! they come!" is still the cry.
Valour should be rewarded,
And if I were Newman Knowlys, Esq.
They each should be recorded.
The Lord Mayor sitteth in Langbourn Ward,
Master-Key of all the city;
And Cornhill boasteth its tender Flower,
To pluck it were a pity.

And the Tower hath its Lucas *prime*,
Cripplegate is crutch'd with Wood,
Bassishaw hath Hunter—and Portsoken
Is vacant—and as good.

And on that day where'er you go
Where'er your face you chance to show,
In every alley, lane, or street,
A canvasser you're sure to meet;
And scot-and-lotters by the lot
With 'every thing' a vote has got:
But go amid them all, and see
The Lumber Trooper—who like he?
Firm as a rock he standeth now:
No terrors on his manly brow,
But all is calm and settled there—
Calm to resolve but ne'er despair,
Calm to be vanquished—not to fear.
And who shall beat that patriot band?
No power we know in Britain's land:
And for the Despot—who but they
To rise *en masse*, and drive away
Such power as his? The power they wield—
United Minds—would make him yield.

Three days the conflict lasts, and then
The victory is won;
And all exertion past at length
And jollity begun;
Whose is the voice that bids ye pause?
Why are these shouts of loud applause?

Behold the ardent Trooper stand
Bewildered and opprest,
His hand upon his manly heart,
His chin upon his breast:
Excess of pleasure weighs him down,
Excess of honour and renown!
For, see! erected and in state,
The civic Monarch sits elate;
And, stretching forth his gracious hand,
Addresses thus the listening band:

"My Troopers!
—In the bygone fight
We have beheld ye with delight,
And for the Parliament you've sent Us
We do commend ye—*bene ventus:*
If e'er the Monarch of this land
(*Except* the city) should command
His troops to come with sword and cannon,
To storm Our walls—*sans* any gammon
We'll have ye out and set ye at 'em,
Ye'll drive the rascals hence! 'od rat 'em;
For they've no business in the City,
And We har'nt much, the more's the pity!
But for your patriotic *penchant,*
We do invite ye to Our mansion.
Each with his spouse or lovely lady
To sup and dance, and make a heyday
—No thanks are Ours—away you goes,
Your civic Monarch lacks repose!"

They shouted and they shouted,
  Louder and louder, again and again ;—
There are more than twenty Troopers
  Have never ceased shouting since then.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.

The Festival.

"Joy, joy! Cheapside at length is past,
The Mansion-house in view at last!
What, though two hours seated here
In this crazed coach has spoilt my hair;
What, though the coach's dirty seat
Has left impressions scarcely neat;
Yet joy, joy, joy!—the hours are past,
The Mansion-house I see at last!"
So might, or could, or should have said the Dame,
When at length her coach of Hackney to the house of
Mansion came.

Some from country, some from city,
Some from other climates wended,
But could not gain—alas! for pity—
Joys for the Lumber Troop intended.
Two swords worn out, two cups *miscarried*,
Two broken oaths attest their labours;
The Lumber Troopers never tarried,
But swore at once in—all their neighbours.
And all were gay through London city,
For none but did that ball enjoy:
It made the uninvited witty
In epigrams their time employ;

It made fat dancing masters jocund,
  The lean it sweltered all away;
And practising of steps betokened
  Th' invited in each public way,
The fat old footmen—Lord Mayor fixtures
  Were movables all for the nonce,
Their powdered heads and golden textures
  Did move without a coach for once.

And there was *dressing* in 'hot haste;' the cooks
Fried o'er the dishes they themselves had cooked;
And all the instructions of quadrilling books
For once were noted; and the people looked
Out their black coats—alike so many rooks,
All polished and all croaking all together:—
And hackney-coachmen prayed for sloppy weather.

And there was Weippert, with his glorious band,
An Orpheus fifty-fold:—no dancing-bear,
No flying-bird, no creeping-thing on land,
Or scarcely in the water, that could hear
Music like his, nor dance a saraband:—
Now swelling high, now sinking in a wail
As of a dying infant, watched by its mother pale.

And beauteous faces too were there,
  With all of woman in their eyes,
And laughs that rung the knell of Care
  And Pleasure's extasies;
And grave ones too—that never laughed
  Such laughs as they did now;

When bright champagne—the first time quaffed,
  Had gladdened many a brow;
And there were suppers also there,
  And *supperers* to eat 'em;
Not all the citizens elsewhere
  At that could ever beat 'em;
And Comrade Sir John Key himself
  Was gay and jocund there,
Each pace a light and gay curvet,
  The Lumber Trooper's Mayor;
And there was Lady Key also;
  No lady e'er was seen
Who better fills her station high,
  A Mayoress like a Queen.

And the Troopers danced as well as they could,
  And some are dancing still;
And the shouts of the twenty in Canto II.
  Make music to their will.

THE END.

R. E. Lee, 36, Red Lion-square.

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